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We are now prepared to execute to order, in a
neat and expeditious manner, and upon the fairest
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BILL TICKETS, ETC., ETC.

We would say to those of our friends who are in
want of such work, you need not go abroad to get
it done, when it can be done just as well at home.

I. O. F.

CHURCH LODE NO. 77, meet at the Odd Fel-
low Hall, in Buckland's Brick Building, every
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MANUFACTURERS OF
Copper, Tin, and Sheet-Iron Ware,
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Stoves, Wood, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags,
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FINEBROCK & PRICE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
FREMONT, OHIO.

Office—In Sharp & Shome's Block.

STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.,

DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs,
Books, Stationery, &c., &c.

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G. W. & C. S. GLICK,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
FREMONT, OHIO.

Will attend to all business entrusted to their
care in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Also general land, collecting and insurance
agents.

Office—Upstairs, opposite the Bank.

GEORGE W. GLICK. CHAS. S. GLICK.

BUCKLAND & EVERETT,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
And Solicitors in Chancery.

Will attend to Professional business and Land
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Office 2d Story Buckland's Block, Fremont,
R. P. BUCKLAND. [Homer Everett.]
January 1st, 1853.

CHESTER EDGERTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
And Solicitor in Chancery.

Will attend to all professional business left in his charge.
He will also attend to the collection of claims &c., in
this and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story Buckland's Block.

FREMONT, OHIO.

FREMONT HOUSE;

AND GENERAL
STAGE OFFICE:

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O.

WM. KESSLER, Proprietor.

MR. KESSLER, announces to the Traveling
Public that he has returned to his home
known stand and is now prepared to accommodate
in the best manner, all who may favor him with
their patronage.

No efforts will be spared to promote the comfort
and convenience of guests. My new hot set,
R. F. Good Stables and careful OFFICERS in
attendance.

Fremont, November 24, 1849—36

GREENE & MUGG,

Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery.

Will give their undivided attention to professional
business intrusted to their care in Sandusky and
adjoining counties.

Office—In the second story of Buckland's Block.

FREMONT, OHIO.

William Ray,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

ALSO FIRE, LIFE & HEALTH INSURANCE AGENT.
Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio.

W. H. HEATON. I. A. WARD.

HEATON & WARD,

Attorneys at Law:
FREMONT, OHIO.

Will promptly attend to all professional business
entrusted to their care.

Office—In Sharp's New Brick Block.

DENTIST.

L. D. PARKER, Surgeon Dentist.

RESPECTFULLY tenders professional services
to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all op-
erations relating to the preservation and beauty of
the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth,
on pivot, gold or silver plate, done in the neatest
manner. He is in possession of the latest im-
provements in the art, and is prepared to render entire satisfaction to
those who may desire him in any branch of his
profession.

Residence: Eberstadt's, and teeth extracted
without pain, if desired.

Office: Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr.
Rice's office.

Fremont, Jan. 24, 1851.

PORTAGE COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.

FREMONT, OHIO.

DR. R. S. RICE,

Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont
and adjacent country.

Office, as formerly, on Frontstreet, oppo-
site Dean's new building.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850—37

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

NUMBER 28.

Poetry.

There are many who will read the
following poem and acknowledge that it is po-
etry—for it penetrates the heart, and causes
the "tear of sympathy" to flow. It is from
the gifted pen of MATTIE, and is full of "mu-
sic and melody." We hope some of our
young readers may profit by reading

THE DESERTED.

Why didst thou leave me thus? Had memory
No chain to bind thee to me, lone and wrecked
In spirit as I am? Was there no spell
Of power in my deep yearning love to stir
The sleeping fountain of thy soul, and keep
My image trembling there? Is there no charm
In strong and high devotion such as mine
To win thee to my side once more? Must I
Be cast forever off by brighter forms
And gay smiles? Alas! I love thee still,
Love will not, cannot perish in my heart—
"I will linger there forever. Even now
In my own dear, sweet sunset time, the hour
Of passions forgotten joys, I look on thee
The raging tumult of my soul, and still
The fierce strife in my lonely breast, where price
Is fiercely struggling for control. Each hue
Of purple, gold and crimson, that fits o'er
The western sky recalls me bygone joys,
That we have shared together, and my soul
Is love's and memory's."

As here I sit
In loneliness, the thought comes o'er my heart
How wide the world is, and how lonely I
The rose wind sighs in moonlight eves, while soft
Beside that clear and gently murmuring fountain
Of wild and blooming vines, and felt
The spirit of a loved one hovering near
Our hearts' own building blossoms. And there I
Drank
The wild o'ermastering tide of eloquence
Thawed from thy o'erwrought and burning
Soul.
There thou didst twine a wreath of sweetest flow-
ers.

To thine hand my dark brown locks, and now
Beside me lies a bud, a little bud
That gave me in that glad, bright summer time,
Telling me 'twas the emblem of a hope,
That thou wouldst be true to glorious life within
Our spirit's garden. The poet fragrant rose
In all pale and withered, and the hope
Is faded in my lonely breast, and cast
Forever from my life.

They tell me too,
My brow and cheek are very pale—Alas!
There is no more a spirit fire within
To light it with the golden glow. Life's dreams
And visions have all faded within my soul,
And I am sad and lone and desolate,
And yet at times when I behold thee near,
Something like the dear old feeling stirs
Within my breast and awakens from the tomb
Of withered memory, my past joys,
To bloom a moment there, and cast around
Its sweet and gentle fragrance, but anon
It vanishes away, as if it were
A mockery, the specter of a dream.
I quell my struggling sigh, and wear a smile,
But, ah! that smile, more eloquent than sighs,
Tells of a broken heart.

"Tis said
That thou lovest the gayest 'twas he said,
That in the dance, with light and wreathed smiles,
Thou whisperedst love's delicious flatteries,
And if my name is spoken, a light sneer
Betrayed thy covert merriment. Yet, proud man, I knew
Beneath thy hollow mask of recklessness
Thy conscious heart still beats as true to me
As in thy happy eves long past. Ah! once
I thought still I loved thee, and I would not
Beneath our favorite tree, whose gladsome
Seemed stretched out to protect thy lovely girl,
I marked a figure stealing thence away.
And my poor heart leapt quick, for I saw
Despite its dimly veiled cloak, 'twas thou.
Then, then I knew that thou in secrecy
Hidest sought that spot, like me, to muse and weep
O'er bright memories. Thou art, like me,
In heart a mourner. In thy solitary
When mortal eyes behold thee not, like mine
Consume thy bosom, and thy hot tears fall
Like burning rain. Oh! 'twas thy hand that beat
The slow to both our hearts. I well could bear
To hold my victim's fate, but thou wilt bear
My own fierce suffering, but thou wilt bear
That thou art in all thy manhood's glorious strength
Dread heart deep and voiceless agony.
Lies on my spirit, with the deep cold weight
Of death. I feel in my my tortured dreams,
And ever with a smile upon thy lip,
But in an arrow quivering deep within
Thy throbbing, bleeding heart. Go, thou may'st
be dead."

Another, but beside the altar dark
My mournful form will stand, and when thou
seest
The woe that orange blossoms on her brow,
On it will stand a fiery angel's colic
Wildly around thee own.
I'm dying now!
Life's sands are falling fast, the silver cord
Is loosed and broken, and the golden bowl
Is shattered at the fount. My sun has set,
And dimmed clouds hang o'er me; but after
I see the glorious realm of Paradise,
And by the cooling mountains, and beneath
The holy shades of palm, my soul will cease
Away its earthly strife, and learn to dream
Of heavenly joys. Farewell despite thy cold
Desertion, I will leave my angel here,
Each gentle eave, at our own hour of tears,
To hold my victim's fate, but thou wilt bear
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be dead."

Encounter with a Lioness.

To those who regard the chase as a sport
in the usual acceptance of the term, the ad-
ventures of Mr. Gordon Cumming, in his hun-
ting expedition in South Africa, will occasion
astonishment. His preparation of wagons,
oxen, horses, attendants, his provision and
ammunition, seem rather intended for a war-
like invasion than an expedition affording the
amusement to be anticipated from hunting.
His encounters with the ferocious animals
which inhabit interior Africa, remind us of
the terrible conflicts between armed knights
and dragons of which we read in romance.
Indeed, the war of Mr. Cumming against the
lions, elephants, buffalo, river horses, giraffes,
and jackals, possesses no one attribute of a
similar expedition against the insignificant an-
imals of the American forest; and the very
use of the terms of war are so far removed
that the chase consists very frequently of the
fight of the terrified hunter and the pursuit
of the enraged "game."

Suddenly I observed a number of vultures
soared on the plain about a quarter of a mile
ahead of us, and close beside them stood a
huge lioness, consuming a blebok which she
had killed. She was seated in her repast
by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting
along with her in the most friendly and con-
fidential manner. Directing my followers'
attention to the spot, I remarked, "I see the
lion!" to which they replied, "What? what?
Yah! Almagut! dat is he!" and instantly re-
turned in their steeds and wheeling about, they
pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and
were preparing to betake themselves to flight.
I asked them what they were going to do.
To which they answered, "We have not yet
placed caps on our rifles." This was true;
but while that short conversation was passing
the lioness had observed us. Raising her
full, round face, she overhauled us for a few
seconds, and then set off at a smart canter
towards a range of mountains some miles to
the northward; the whole troop of jackals
also started off in another direction; there
was, therefore, no time to think of caps.

The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a
second was to be lost. Sprung my good
and lively steed, and shouting to my men to fol-
low, I now across the plain, being fortunately
mounted on Culesberg, the flower of my
stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This
was to my joyful moment, and I at once
made up my mind that she or I must die.

The lioness having had a long start of me,
went over a considerable extent of ground
before I came up with her. She was large,
full-grown beast, and the bare and level ap-
pearance of the plain added to her imposing ap-
pearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she
reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, car-
rying her tail stuck out behind her, and swe-
ling a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her
to halt, as I wished to speak with her, upon
which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on
her haunches like a dog, with her back to-
ward me, not even deigning to look round.

She thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in
thought, she sprang to her feet, and facing
me, stood looking at me for a few seconds,
moving her tail slowly from side to side, show-
ing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She
next made a short run forward, making a
loud, grumbling noise, like thunder. This
she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I
did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her
hostile demonstrations, she quickly stretched out
her massive arms and lay down on the grass.
My Hottentots now coming up, we all three
dismounted, and drawing our rifles from their
holsters, we looked to see if the powder was
up in the nipples, and put on our caps.

While this was doing the lioness sat up,
and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness.
She looked first at us, and then behind her
as if to see the coast was clear; after which
she made a short run toward us, uttering her
deep drawn murderous growls. Having se-
cured the three horses to one another by their
reins, we led them on as if we intended to
pass her in the hope of obtaining a broadside.
But this she carefully avoided to express, pre-
sented only her full front. I had given Sto-
fofus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot
her if she should spring upon me, but on no
account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to
stand ready to hand me my Purdy rifle, in
case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove
sufficient. My men as yet had been steady,
but they were in a precarious state, their faces
having assumed a ghastly paleness, and I had
a painful feeling that I could place no re-
liance on them.

Now, then, for it; neck or nothing! She
was within fifty yards of us, and she keeps ad-
vancing. We turned the horses' tails to her.
I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim
at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loud-
ly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the
shoulder, upon which she charged with an
appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye
she was in the midst of us. At this moment
Stofofus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Klein-
boy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by
me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for,
seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had
now taken, she quitted Culesberg, and slew her
tail to one side, trotted quickly past within
a few paces of me, taking one step to the left.
I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in an-
other second the lioness was stretched on the
plain a lifeless corpse.

In the struggles of
death she half-turned on her back, and stretch-
ed her neck and fore-arms convulsively, when
she fell back to her former position; her mighty
arms hung powerless by her side, her lower
jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth,

and she expired. At the moment I fired my
second shot, Stofofus, who hardly knew
whether he was alive or dead, allowed the
three horses to escape. These galloped fran-
tically across the plain, on which he and
Kleinboy instantly started after them, leav-
ing me standing alone and unarmed only a few
paces of the lioness, which they, they, they
anxiety to be out of the way, evidently con-
sidered quite capable of doing further mis-
chief.

Such is ever the case with these worthless,
and with nearly all the natives of South Afri-
ca. No reliance can be placed in them.
They will to a certainty forsake their master
in the most dastardly manner in the hour of
peril, and leave him in the lurch. A stran-
ger, however, hearing these fellows recounting
their own gallant adventures when sitting in
the evening along with their comrades round
a blazing fire, or under the influence of their
adored "Cape smoke" or native brandy, might
fancy them to be the bravest of the brave.
Having skinned the lioness and cut off her
head, we placed her upon beauty and held
for camp. Before we had proceeded a hun-
dred yards from the carcass, upwards of sixty
vultures, whom the lioness had often fed,
were feasting on her remains.

A correspondent writing from Texas gives
us a couple of good stories, for the perfect
truth of which he pledges his "sacred honor."
"In the interior of the country," writes he,
"corn-breads form the staple article of diet;
anything composed of wheat flour being about
as scarce as ice-creams in Sahara. One of
the citizens of that part, not long since paid
a visit to a relative in Galveston, who know-
ing the rarity of 'wheat fixing' in his visitor's
location, presented him with a genuine wheat
biscuit, to be given to each of his children on
his return. The journey was long and the
weather warm; so that before the good man
had reached his home, the biscuits had be-
come dry and hard. The wonderful presents
from 'Aunt Jane,' were in due time distrib-
uted to the tow-headed youngsters, and they
ran off with them in high glee. Soon one of
them made his appearance with a live coal
placed on the top of his biscuit, which he was
blowing most vigorously.

"That's the dog, Jake," cried another, 'blow
away! I'll be darned if the critter don't poke
his head out'n his shell here long!' The
youngsters, who had never seen a biscuit
before, thought that they were very young
terrapins.

"And now," continues our correspondent, "for
a snake story—all of which I saw and a part
of which I was:
"One night my wife and myself were awak-
ened by a noise from a shelf which contained
our small store of crockery, followed by a crash
which showed that a great portion of our cups
and plates had been flung to the floor. Spring-
ing up to discover the cause of this 'attack
upon China,' I found a large snake in a some-
what unpleasant 'fix.' He had crawled upon
the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs that
were scattered about. One of these he had
swallowed, and, in order to get at the next,
he had put his head, and a portion of his body
through the handle of a jug, which hap-
pened to stand between him and the coveted
delicacies. The handle was open enough to
let the body, in its natural state, slip cleverly
through; but not sufficient to let it pass when
puffed out by the egg. In this position he had
swallowed a second egg. His snakeship then
found himself unable to advance or retreat;
and floundering about to escape from this novel
el stocks, had caused the accident which had
aroused us. I, of course, at once, proceeded
to execute summary punishment upon the in-
terloper; but the eggs which he had swal-
lowed were a dead loss."

A SWIMMING EXCURSION took place at the
Bathing establishment of Dr. Robt. at Hartford,
on Wednesday. The Times there states that
about two thousand persons, male and female,
were present and that the river for a long dis-
tance was filled with boats; giving to the
whole some quite a Venetian appearance.

Seventeen swimmers entered the lists—
nine Americans and eight Germans. Owing
to the late hour at which the bands of music
arrived, the sport did not begin in time to in-
troduce the "floating supper tables," as had
been announced. The swimmers started from
the Railroad Bridge, at the signal of the
discharge of a pistol, and swam down to a point
opposite the Bathing Establishment—distance
nearly a mile. They came down the river in
fine style, displaying a strength and grace of
action in the water that would have honored
the most adroit of the amphibious natives of
the Polynesian Islands.

The party started, we believe, with no in-
tention at a race, but the cheering and urging
of the people in the boats drove them into a
trial of speed—and they dashed through the
water at a fast rate. We do not learn the
precise time made, but it must have been very
good. Mr. Ulrich Mogg, a German came in
second, and was followed next in order by a
Yankee, whose name we did not learn. Jo-
seph R. Hawley, Esq. was third in the race,
having started behind several and passed
many others. The fourth best swimmer ap-
peared to be Hermann Macreech one of our
German citizens. The rest all came in good
style having performed the long distance in a
very short time, a prize will be presented to
Mr. Mogg.

Here is a most excellent burlesque
upon the inflated style of composition now so
very popular. Where common sense says
"He drank a mug of ale," a LA LITTEARD, has it:
"He raised the foaming, sparkling beverage to
his parched and fevered lips; he gulped it
wildly. He paused, his blood shot eyes roll-
ed fearfully in their sockets, he gasped for
breath. Again he sank mouth, nose, and chin
deep in the gigantic tankard; and with a
hoarse laugh that shook the very rafters of
the crazy barn, and reverberated from beam
to beam, and was echoed back again, he
wildly, madly shouted: 'I've drank it, yes, all
all, all yes, every drop! ha, ha, ha, yes, yes,
it's boiling in my blood!' and he laughed a
gain,—ha, ha, ha, ha, he, he!"

THE AILING WOMAN.

A mournful Account of her Ailing
Family.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Some people are always ailing. At any
rate they think they are, and say so screen-
ing up their mouths, and whining out their
grievances, real or imaginary, as if they were
afflicted with a strong compound tincture of
the souls of Job and Jeremiah—lamentation
and complaint, being the continual employ-
ment of their doleful tongues.

Mrs. Betsy Beeswax was one of this stamp.
I called on Betsy one day. I call her fami-
liarly "Betsy," because she confided in me
all her troubles,